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THE ECHO

STICK
BRIDGE
HIGH
SCHOOL

Class of 1903

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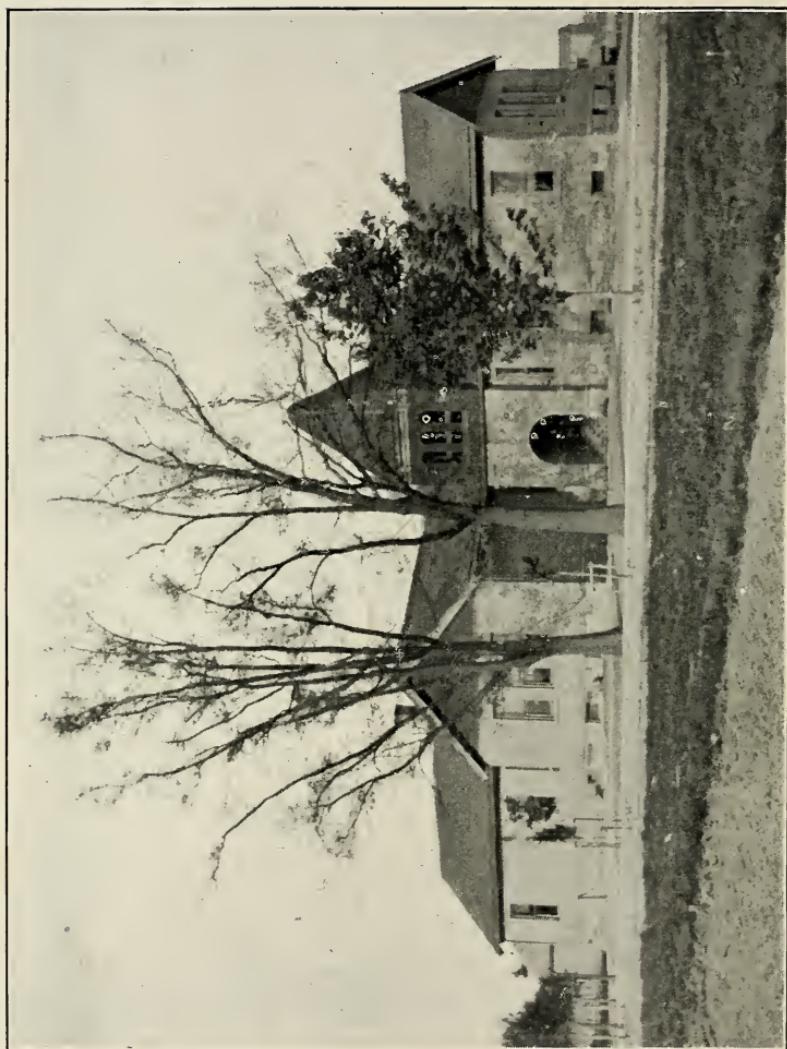
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Photo by Daisie B. Chapell.

UNION SCHOOL.



THE ECHO.

Published by : : :

The Senior Class
Of '03



The bells of Memory's wonder-city
Peal for me their melodious chime;
My heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
Sad and pleasant from the bygone time.
—Mueller.

THE SUN PRESS.
STOCKBRIDGE, MICHIGAN.
1903.

Dedication.

TO OUR
FRIEND AND INSTRUCTOR
F. E. SEARL,
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED
WITH RESPECT AND
ESTEEM.



FACULTY.

Photo by Daisie B. Chapell.

Class of 1903.

CHARLES STOCKING	- - - -	President.
GRACE HALL	- - - -	Vice-President.
GRACE COOPER	- - - -	Secretary.
RUTH MAY	- - - -	Treasurer.
NAT HYNES		ELNATHAN SKIDMORE
ROB BROWN		LEE KENNEDY



Class Motto.

“The Ropes of the Past Ring the Bells of the Future.”



Colors.

Heliotrope and White.



Flower.

White Carnation.



CLASS OF 1903.

Photo by Daisie B. Chapell.

Board of Editors.

CHARLES STOCKING - - - - - Editor.
ROB C. BROWN - - - - - Business Manager.
GRACE HALL } - - - - - Assistants.
ELNATHAN SKIDMORE }



Board of Education.

W. J. DANCER - - - - - President.
A. A. HALL - - - - - Secretary.
J. C. WILLMORE - - - - - Treasurer.
S. M. THOMPSON } - - - - - Trustees.
F. G. MARSHALL }



Faculty.

F. E. SEARL - - - - - Principal.
GRACE WILLIAMS - - - - - Assistant Principal.
BELLE PRICE - - - - - Grammar.
MINA BEMENT - - - - - Second Primary.
ALICE WEEKS - - - - - First Primary.

Salutatory.

FRIENDS of the Class of 1903, we take great pleasure in extending to you on this occasion a most cordial welcome. It is ours to appear before you to-night as graduates of the Stockbridge High School. We have reached a mile-post in life's history. In the years that are past, we have each been laying a foundation upon which to build our future hopes. We must now encounter those greater responsibilities of life, which must be met.

As a building is no stronger than the material of which it is built, so one's life is not more successful than the deeds which compose it.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.
Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

While it is with some degree of regret that we realize that we may no more be known as members of the Stockbridge school, we are thankful for the training we have received therein, and we trust we shall be better members of society and better citizens, as a result of the faithful efforts of those who have been placed over us as teachers and principals.

One's education does not end with his graduation from a high school, but in fact, just begins, to end only when that silver thread called life is broken. Neither is all our learning gained from books; but from the world around us, from those with whom we come in contact, and even from Dame

Nature herself, do we learn lessons which are never forgotten.

Education has always been an important factor in society wherever civilization has existed, but we have in this the twentieth century, reached an age when it seems almost imperative that one be educated in order to cope successfully with the problems of life. Not only must one be educated that he may enjoy the benefits of society to the fullest extent, but he must be educated to a certain degree as well, in order to provide a livelihood for himself and for those dependent upon him.

The American people are proud of their schools. Our forefathers came to this continent seeking liberty, but they sought it through the channel of education. Next to the church in every newly-settled colony, the school was the most important institution.

From this early beginning, has developed the grandest republic the world has yet known; and we feel perfectly safe in saying—that it ever shall know.

Education leads the individual out from the realms of darkness into the perfect light of reason, where the development of mind and soul is uninterrupted. It means life, not death.

Thus we, who have made this small beginning, are determined to win out in the conflict of life.

Our day is just beginning to dawn, our sun is even now appearing above the horizon, our sky seems cloudless. There is naught as yet to discourage us. The privileges of a land of liberty, as well as the opportunities of life, are before us. We must press onward, taking with us all we have gained thus far, and continue to gather day by day of the good things the world holds in store for those who prove themselves worthy.

“Each well-born soul must win what it deserves,
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim.”

In time to come, amid the activities of life, as we look back through the mist of years, bright memories will appear before our vision. We will again see our old classmates, teachers, and associates; we will again live those scenes which have filled our lives with so much of joy; we will once more sit behind the desks in the old brick school-house, wrestling with problems in "solid" geometry, or dreaming over a lesson in algebra. And even this event, the crowning scene of our school-days, methinks will appear the brightest of all that which we thus view in retrospect.

Our historian has reached back into the past and made a record of the events of our life histories, which he will deliver to you to-night; our prophet will tell you of our future destinies, our ambitions, and our accomplishments; our judicial officer will read to you our final will and testament. To these, to the recital of our class poem by its author, to the orations of the hour, and to the final address by our valedictorian, we bid you welcome.

CHARLES H. STOCKING.



Class Poem.

THIS world's a sea, both vast and wide,
On which we each one must embark,
To be carried by the out-going tide,
In seething waters, deep and dark.

As we, the class that start tonight,
Push off our boat on this great sea,
We'll watch the wheel and steer aright,
And gain the heights for such as we.

All seems bright to our youthful eyes;
We're guided by a careful hand;
But now the sea before us lies,
We long to start from off the land.

Our hopes are high; we know no fear,
As we set forth this sea to explore;
Our friends have come with words of cheer,
To help us launch out from this shore.

Eight is the number, you will see,
Assembled on this stage tonight;
The senior class of naughty-three;
Who've struggled hard to do the right.

A trio of such handsome maids,
'Tis hard to find, as you'll agree;
They've stood the first in all the grades,
And first tonight as it should be.

For Nature's forces did unite
In skill and beauty, wit and grace,
To make our senior girls just right
To fill this highly honored place.

Of the senior boys, it is my duty
To say they're manly, good and brave;
I dare not tell of their great beauty
If I my reputation save.

'Tis true that all the classic learning
Packed in their brains—that wondrous fold,
With all the wit which none are spurning,
Will lead them up to heights untold.

One of our girls, I'm proud to state;
With all our work and extra care,
Studied quite hard, and sat up late
To take in banking stock, a share.

An absent minded boy had we,
Who studied hard and kept the rule;
But still his constant cry would be,
"Why can't I go to Albion's school."

The rest of us with sturdy stride,
No other object in our view,
Still traveled onward side by side;
Only one course did we pursue.

We have not traveled that shady road
With pathways strewn with moss and flowers;
But we have carried a heavy load,
O'er stony paths, thro' weary hours.

We held a reception last year
For the senior class,—'tis surely true;
The salt that cream contained, I fear,
Was enough to make us all look blue.

We pause and shrink and are not bold,
When starting in this world of strife;
But we must start like men of old,
For we must have an aim in life.

Not like the reckless, who start in vain.
And wake in life in time to see
The folly of life without an aim,—
And wrecked their life is sure to be.

Not like the haughty Juniors, no!
All right in size, but not in aim;
For a senior class they are to slow,
And ne'er will walk the road of fame.

It is our aim to conquer work,
And leave a path behind so clear
That those who follow can't say we shirk,
Or start our life with any fear.

We aim to make our pathway bright,
And help our brother lift his load;
That we may always do the right
And choose the straight but narrow road.

So let us strive with higher aim,
And work with zeal to reach that goal
Which holds the open doors of fame
For those that launch from this wide shoal.

Misfortune's waves may 'round us roll,
The breakers high will surely be;
But the firm courage of our soul
Will keep the class of naughty-three.

ELNATHAN J. SKIDMORE.

The Mind That Wins.

OD made man to be a child of progress; and, because he is a child of progress, he is the child of God. If his foot rests upon the clod, his forehead grazes the stars.

All progress is based upon physical thrift and mental wealth. Take away society's mental wealth, and pictures leave the wall. Take away more intellectual wealth, and books leave the shelves. Take away yet more, and school-house and church depart. Leave man but one coat, one loaf, one room, and he approaches the savage.

The youth, who would grow strong mentally, must deny his passions that he may have money with which to refine his mind.

A writer has said, "If wealth concentrated is like drifts of snow that impede travel, mental wealth is like the river Nile that distributes alluvial treasures throughout Egypt, and sows the land with harvest."

What Newton's trained eye was to the stars, what Hugh Miller's trained reason was to the strata of rock, the trained mind is to God's mountains, landscapes, and forests. In other words, an educated mind is the power to behold all and enjoy all.

The increase of wisdom makes our world a new creation; for knowledge now has become a contagion. Intelligence is so diffused that, in a sense, every man becomes the architect of his own life.

souls.

Here is Mozart with his love of music laboring through the long days at tasks he hated, and, in the darkening twilight, stealing into the old church where he poured out his very soul over the organ keys.

What possibilities lie before us ! Strive to climb higher, putting all obstacles under our feet. We rise by the difficulties conquered.

"The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seeks all things wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows.
A harvest of barren regrets."

Then let us aim well, for a true aim wins.

GRACE LOUISA COOPER.



Class History.

N Wednesday September 10, 1902, was organized the Class of 1903, and tonight it has reached the goal for which it has been striving. For four years, we have labored together; tonight we part never to meet again as scholars. Our class of eight stands equal in numbers with the Class of 1901, and would have exceeded them if Fred Palmer had not left us last fall to go to California. Most of us were born in the vicinity of Stockbridge.

Charles Stocking, the oldest of our class, was born August 27, 1882 on a farm, three and one half miles north of this village, and gained the earliest part of his education in the Lowe school. In the fall of 1893, he moved with his parents to this village, and entered the Intermediate department of our school. In the fall of 1902 he was chosen president of the class and has well filled his position. On November 11, 1901 he left to teach the winter term in the Lowe district. At the close of this term, he returned to the same grade in which he left. During the last year of his school, he has made a dozen or so voyages into the ministerial world.

Elnathan Skidmore was born in Waterloo, Jackson county, February 23, 1884. He attended the district school until the fall of 1899, when he moved with his parents to Stockbridge and entered the High School; tonight he has finished the course. During his attendance at school here he has become a wonderful poet and was selected as the poet of our class.

Night Brings Out The Stars.

NSTAND alone at night, and gaze dreamingly into the vaulted heavens. In my inmost soul, I am lost in wonder at the limitless bounds of space before me. The feeble-mental powers of mortal man are unable to solve the wonders of that scene. I am amazed by the brilliancy of that star decked sky, which from every quarter, glimmers and twinkles with such splendor as to reveal the glory of the omnipotent God.

It is dark about me; so dark that objects upon the surface could not be discriminated except for the light diffused from those brilliant heavenly sentinels. The narrow winding pathway which I must follow over hill and vale, through forest and glen, to my home, would be dreary indeed were it not for the thousands of glittering stars to encourage and guide me. In the midst of the forest where darkness is the most intense, the light of a single bright star shows me the way.

When the orb of day sails majestically through the zenith, throwing forth its immense flood of light, the myriads of stars are in their usual positions in the heavens, but their light is invisible because of the superior brightness of the sun. When the silvery moon floats above the horizon some of the stars fade away. Thus it is, and the truth of the assertion, "Night Brings out the Stars," is made apparent.

But what are the stars, and of what use to man ?

"The stars are the landmarks of the universe. They

seem to be placed in the heavens by the Creator, not alone to elevate our thoughts and expand our conceptions of the infinite and eternal, but to afford us, amid the constant fluctuations of our own earth, something unchangeable and abiding. Every object about us is constantly shifting, but over all shine the eternal stars, each with its place so accurately marked, that to the astronomer and the geographer no deception is possible. To the mariner the heavens become a dial-plate, the figures on its face set with glittering stars along which the moon travels as a shining hand that marks off the hours with an accuracy no watch can ever rival."

"Thus by an evident plan of the Creator, even in the most common affairs of life, are we compelled to look for guidance from the shifting objects of earth to the heavens above"

But it is not alone the celestial bodies to which I would refer, but to the stars which shine in the constellation of statesmanship; to the galaxy of literary fame; to the brilliant and shining lights in music and scientific developments. In all of these cases the fact that "Night Brings out the Stars" is demonstrated by the stars of dazzling brightness which they have formed in our nation's history.

As we think of the great number of those who have made their names immortal by some brave, noble work which they have accomplished, we find but very few who have not had their brightness brought out through some great darkness in their lives. I may mention our own Washington, Florence Nightingale, Frances E. Willard. Even Christ himself suffered the worst afflictions, yet his name will shine as long as there is an existing planet.

In scanning the pages of history, we see in a dark, cold cell, in one of the dreariest dungeons of the fair land of England, a man, desolate and alone. With no friend to share his almost unbearable lot, he sits there day after day

Not one beam of sunshine enters his heart to cheer those dreary hours. Nevertheless as he waits there his time is not wasted for his noble mind is active, and in the galaxy of literary fame Bunyan's star shines with such brilliancy as to eclipse hundreds of those geniuses who have not spent their life under such adverse circumstances.

On the 12th of February, nearly a century ago, in an old log hut without a floor, and nearly destitute of furniture, a baby boy was born.

It was a cold winter's day and the sleet and snow came driving in through the chinks between the logs at every gust of the wind. The child lived and grew. His mother taught him to read and write, and at the age of seven he entered the district school, his only book being a tattered spelling book. His teacher could barely read and write. But nothing daunted he pushed forward gaining what little he could by hard work.

As he grew older he was taken from school and put to work at home, helping his father clear away the forest and till the ground. His garments were made from the skins and furs of animals. However he did not give up his education, but studied evenings with his mother's assistance, until he was obliged to go out into the world for himself with nothing but his own brave heart, willing hands, and steadfast purpose to assist him.

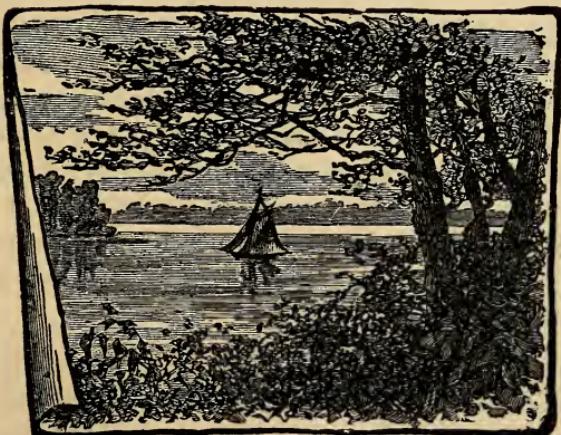
His path seemed full of obstacles but these only seemed to increase his determination to work his own honest way.

Thus he pushed onward and upward, winning many friends by his great truthfulness and honesty. Defeat seemed only to nerve him to greater energy in overcoming the many hindrances placed before him. Putting his hand to the plow he never looked behind him nor gave up; and having carried our country through one of the darkest hours known in its history, giving even his life for his cause, his star shines in the constellation of statesmanship, one of the brightest which the world has ever known.

Though his life was dark with discouragements and defeats, and his pathway beset with obstacles, the victory was won; and in the height of our national glory, we see his name written in letters of shining gold, "Abraham Lincoln."

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

R. GRACE HALL.



The Class Will.

FRIENTS, I have a most solemn announcement to make. Wise men have predicted our early demise—we, the Class of 1903. How sad the thought makes us, we leave you to judge from our faces.

As a class, we have existed only three short years; but what a lively infant we have been during that time Mr. Searl could perhaps best tell. During our short life we have accumulated some property, which, with a little friendly advice we wish to bequeath to a few of our friends—principally because we cannot take a part of it with us, and the other part, we have no further use for, having thoroughly learned it from experience. Hence is this “Will” written. We hope that none will feel slighted at not being remembered.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1903.

We, the Class of 1903, being in a slightly agitated but not unbalanced state of mind, do hereby make this our last will and testament.

1. It is our wish that all expenses and debts be paid from someone else's estate; otherwise, there would be nothing left of ours but advice to give away.

2. We wish to give the School Board our consent to grant to our successors half holidays for such ball games and other sports as shall occur on rainy days, only. We

also give them our consent to change the bookkeeping sets, and all other text books for that matter, as often as they think wise for the general good of the school. They would very probably do so anyway, but it might make them feel easier to know that WE don't care.

3. We give to Mr. Searl our consent to use again, for the benefit of our successors, those little words of warning and advice which he so freely and unasked gave us. We would suggest that he use them even more freely in the case of the Freshmen—the YOUNG are SO INEXPERIENCED.

4. To Miss Williams we leave our class gavel which we wish her to use in preserving order during the various intermissions. Her eyeglass and pencil expenses would doubtlessly be greatly lessened.

5. Our beautiful song, which some are so vulgar as to call a yell, we leave to our friend Mr. Lillie one who we think is competent to suitably render it.

6. To the Juniors we leave our old seats, the front ones as in the past being reserved for the most studious, Mr. Searl, of course, acting as judge in the contest for them. We also give to the Juniors the physical apparatus which we so skillfully(?) made. (It never was any good and will certainly have to be destroyed if we can't give it away.)

7. We leave these few pointers to our successors in general. Take part in an oratorical contest if you ever have the chance. Your trials and tribulations over that will give you just a slight idea of what to expect before Commencement. Go to all the "Teachers' Rallies" that you can. At them you will receive valuable voice culture. If you should ever go to one we would suggest that a single party ticket be purchased for the company as the saving on individual tickets would probably furnish suitable refreshments for all at the rate of one cent a stick.

8. To you, friends, we give our hearty thanks for your

generous support and assistance; to the school we leave our very best wishes for its welfare and maintenance.

Signed, THE CLASS OF 1903.

Witnesses { THE FRESHIES.
 { THE SOPHS.
 { THE JUNIORS.

Stockbridge, Michigan, June 17, 1903.

ROB C. BROWN.



OUR "WILL"

Class Prophecy.

FIFTEEN years have passed since the Class of 1903 graduated from the Stockbridge High School. Although it has been fifteen years, it seems scarcely half that time since my class spent those golden hours together.

Shortly after graduation, I went west and taught district school for a while, after which I worked in a store. In 1915, I got a position as traveling salesman for a Chicago firm, and it has been my good luck, in my trips, to run across nearly all my old class mates, and now, friends, it is my pleasant duty to tell you of their varied successes.

One day while strolling along the streets of Chicago, I met one of my old classmates, Grace Cooper. Grace said she and her old chum, Ruth May, shortly after graduation, had taken a literary course at the University of Michigan, and she had since been teaching in Chicago, while Ruth was a missionary in India, where she is having great success and is doing much good teaching the natives.

From Chicago I went to Milwaukee, and while passing the First M. E. church of that city, one Sunday night, I was startled by the eloquence of the preacher; and upon entering, whom should I find in the pulpit but Charles Stocking. After graduating Charlie studied for the ministry, and since has had charge of some of the largest churches in this country. He has also written some very inspiring poems. The principle poem was "Lucille," a poem which never fails to touch his heart, and one in which he acts a

very prominent part. All of his literary work is noted for its beautiful diction.

My travels next brought me to New York, and while there I visited Rob Brown who resides in one of the large mansions of that city. Rob is one of the greatest electricians and inventors of the day. His greatest achievement was the inventing of a way to communicate with the man in the moon.

As my cash was running low, on arriving at Cincinnati, I visited a bank and there behind the cashier's desk I found Grace Hall. Soon after graduation she took a course in elocution, a study which she taught for some time in Cincinnati, she then entered a life-partnership with a banker of that city. (I cannot remember his name.)

One day, shortly after this, while riding on the train, I was surprised to meet Nat Hynes, accompanied by a beautiful woman. Nat taught school a few years, after finishing school, after which he went to Milwaukee and secured a position with a large lumber firm. While there he became acquainted with a rich heiress, who changed her name to Mrs. Hynes. After marriage they took a wedding trip through the United States and Europe, from which they were just returning.

While in a hardware store, somewhere in Michigan, last week a familiar voice attracted my attention and I was surprised when my old friend, Elnathan Skidmore, grasped me by the hand. He, too, had taken a college course, and while at college most of his leisure hours were spent singing love songs of his own composition for his own amusement. Elnathan wrote several good poems, but not until he wrote, "Between the Hours of 9 and 11, P. M.", did he attract much attention. The inspiration for this poem, he told me, was gained from personal experience while attending high-school at Stockbridge.

Thus have been the destinies of the Class of 1903, who surpassed all previous classes, and which have been the

ideal of all classes which have since graduated.

Of the future I can tell nothing, but, judging the future by the past, we can only hope that the next fifteen years will be as successful as the past fifteen years have been.

LEE C. KENNEDY.



Valedictory.

THE time has now come when each must start upon his great voyage, over the stormy sea of life, alone. Hitherto to our small barks have glided smoothly along, side by side, down the narrow river, with scarcely a ripple to disturb its tranquil waters. We have drifted easily along down the stream, until now we have reached the grand and mighty deep." Hereafter we must not DRIFT but STEER. During this short journey, we have learned to value the trials and temptations, which have beset us; as stepping stones to higher and nobler purposes. We can no longer seek the assistance of others, but must rely upon ourselves. "God never intended that powerful and independent beings should be reared by clinging to others, like the ivy to the oak for support."

We trust that the discouragements and failures which we have encountered, and which, with the kind assistance of others, have been overcome, will lead to final victory. Though the discipline may have sometimes seemed harsh and the punishments unjust; yet these things teach us to better improve our valuable opportunities and appreciate the precious time; Our future success depends largely on what has already been achieved.

Kind teachers, it is to you that we are deeply indebted for your wise council, your many helpful instructions and encouraging words. These things cannot be too highly estimated; and it is with a feeling of sincere regret that we did not more fully appreciate your kind interest in our wel-

fare that we bid farewell to you.

But it is not to you alone that credit is due, for you are as the twigs, with our beneficent board and self-sacrificing parents as the main branches; while the liberal public and tax-payers form the great trunk of the grand school system of which our country may well be proud.

Worthy friends and parents, we are truly grateful to you for your generosity in supplying our many needs. Do not falter in your noble work for you are aiding in building character that will last even in eternity. You may, perhaps, live to the time when you will be proud to say, "I am glad that I had the privilege of helping to form so noble a character." Then, in behalf of the class, I ask you to accept our heartfelt thanks. Farewell.

Now we must turn to the future and think of you who will soon stand in our places. We will not say follow in our foot-steps, but profit by our experience and thereby save to yourself much valued time. Be not discouraged if sometimes the way seems long. Remember what Holland says,

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round."

Ah, yes we must travel carefully and steadily. Thus we bid farewell to you.

Dear classmates of 1903:- While I highly appreciate the honor conferred upon me, I feel utterly incompetent of speaking the farewell words of council and instruction. Sadness fills my heart when I reflect on the past and know that the happy school days are gone, forever; yet with this sadness is mingled pleasure. We feel glad that we have been privileged to enjoy such rich opportunities. Along our path were scattered roses, helpful words, and untold pleasures; but often our thoughts would wander to the dim unknown future when the happy school-days should be a thing of the past, and we must face the stern realities of life; when thorns would appear among the roses and a frown take the

place of the approving smile. This future which we fain would have placed in the distance, perhaps years, months, weeks or days has at last come into view.

We now stand on the borderland of the broad future and ponder over its mysteries; and now, dear friends of my school-days, words almost fail to express the thoughts I would impart to you. Methinks, I hear you breathlessly whisper, "How can we climb those rugged rocks?" Let me ask, "How did you attain the present heights?" By stumbling and becoming discouraged? No, by rising with renewed determination and perseverance. All great feats are accomplished little by little. How did the great Hannibal and his brave army cross the Alps? By taking a step at a time, conquering the mountain tribes and bravely facing the fearful snowstorms. And so, we by constant efforts and labor will conquer. As Hannibal's men obeyed and followed him, let us look to the Great Commander for guidance and when as Christian, the Pilgrim, we fear the lions in our path; let us press constantly forward with the assurance that they are chained and cannot harm us. Turn not aside from the path of duty, but bravely bear the trials for these will come.

"Life is before you from its fated road,
You cannot turn: then take ye up the load
Not yours to tread or leave the unknown way,
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may,
Gird up your souls within you to the deed,
Angels and fellow-spirits, bid you speed."

Perhaps you have not thought that our class is slightly different from those which have preceded us. We have a greater majority of boys. Then pardon me if the greater part of the remarks are directed to them. But as we believe in a single standard of purity for both boys and girls, words that are prudent for boys are equally so for girls. We, the girls of this class, are proud to say that during our friendly associations with you, we have never been annoyed by any debasing habits. Noble motives arise from good habits: and men of this stamp are desired in hundreds of positions in our great country. Who has not said, when reading of

the actions of some of our high state officials that there is a need of men with good principles. Where are the Washingtons of today? True, we have many pure men but lest they risk the tarnishing of a good reputation, they must keep out of the political ranks. Then shall our beautiful state be forced to hang her head in shame for want of noble men? Shall our great nation retain her exalted rank among other nations, or must she gradually lose power as did the great Roman Empire through her wickedness? It depends upon the voters which it shall be and you will soon become a part. To be truly great, think not of self, but seek to uplift humanity and labor for the betterment of society. To industry attach honesty; to morality, Christianity. Be true in what you undertake, always endeavor to do right, mindful that every action has an influence for good or ill. Do right though you always be with the minority. As John B. Gough has said, "If a man stands for the right and truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him; though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him."

Then, if we live true honorable lives and perform well the duties assigned us, 'farewell' need not be a sad word; for we live with the glad hope that in a few short years, we shall all reunite in that better land where 'good-byes' are never said. Farewell.

RUTH E. MAY.



To the Seniors.

We, the Juniors of our high school,
Wish to write a poem great,
To express our sincere feelings
Towards our senior class of eight.
They are rather overbearing
With their haughty, haughty ways;
But we manage that quite nicely
By just laughing at their plays.
But they're surely very generous
For one day they had an "eat,"
And they kindly sent us onions
In a box all done up neat.
We were not so very hungry,
But we thank them just the same;
For the fact that they remember us,
Shows to us our growing fame.
First their colors were orange and black,
But we did laugh outright,
Until to white and heliotrope,
They changed their colors, bright.
But now we have to say farewell,
It makes us feel real sad,
For they were jolly comrades all,
Although they use us bad.
We wish them all success in life;
And hope they all will prove,
To be the honest boys and girls
That we have learned to love.

JUNIOR CLASS.

Verses.

FAREWELL, SENIORS.

Vacation is here, yes come at last,
School-days are over, gone and passed;
We are sorry you leave us, dear senior class,
But are glad to know you have won at last;
Now teachers are you, great but yet small,
Going out into the world to teach children all.

CHARLES STOCKING.

And still they gazed,
And still the wonder grew
That one small head
Could carry all he knew.

LEE KENNEDY.

He has those powers,
Which all combined,
Will surely make
A wondrous mind.

GRACE COOPER.

“Modest and shy as a nun, is she,”
And yet as sweet as she can be.

RUTH MAY.

“Pretty is as pretty does,”
You do oft repeat.
When in one they both are joined
Then she is complete.

NAT HYNES.

“I want to be an athlete
And with the athletes stand,
With a bird cage on my face,
And a ball within my hand.”

GRACE HALL.

This is our black-eyed beauty,
We know the rest are fair,
But, we recognize our duty,
And state things as they are.

ELNATHAN SKIDMORE.

In figures and signs he takes delight,
And with them seems intent;
Still, on a figure more fair and light
His eyes are often bent.

ROB BROWN.

“Away! away! you men of rules:
What have I to do with schools ?
They’d make me learn, they’d make me think,
And bring me to Distraction’s brink.”

A SENIOR’S TRIBUTE.

O, Juniors! know you, one of we
Knows twice as much as three of thee.
Although you’re learned as can be,
You cannot quite come up to we.

TO THE EIGHTH GRADE.

One buxom maid and one quite slim
Is all that grade can hold.
We have to say their awful prim,
And mostly awful bold.

MISS W——.

The shades of night are falling fast
'Tis Saturday eve that's here at last.
"Hildreth, me boy, is coming I, know,
So it's down to the evening train that I'll go.
Excelsior!"

Ten little Freshmen, happy as can be;
They've exerted no pains,
To worry their brains.
For "ignorance is bliss" you see.

TO THE HOWELL FRATERNITY.

She's pleasant, she's good,
Feeds you taffy by the peck,
Just ask to see her home—
You'll get it "in the neck."

THE SCHOOL BELL.

You asked her why her cheeks are red,
And then she thought you rude,
And she replied, although she sighed,
"Tis by paint, and breakfast food."

THE REASON WHY.

What means this loving look and smile;
This hurry, hurry, all the while;
This grand new hat and Sunday gown ?
Why, Claudio H. is coming to town.

A kind, good man is Mr. Searl,
A help in time of need.
So do not fear O, junior girl !
His sympathy to plead.

Wants.

WANTED—A pass on the Grand Trunk railroad for
Mr. H—.

WANTED TO LET—Large spacious rooms in the upper
stories. THE FRESHMEN.

TO GIVE AWAY—Good strong boxes for the ears. En-
quire at the grammar room.

PARTNER WANTED—Good business. Small capital
needed. Experience unnecessary. G---E-O---E-.

WANTED—A dictionary for my newly coined words.
Good price offered. E. J. S---D---E.

WANTED—A new delicate mowing machine for tonsor-
ial purposes. A. C---.

WANTED—The pattern after which Hynes cuts first
base. NEXT YEAR'S BALL TEAM.

WANTED—A new epidemic to take the place of the
measles.

S. B. S. Directory.

(A GUIDE TO WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND.)

Hall—Beyond the threshold.

Berry—On a bush.

Stocking—In a dry-goods store.

May—On the calendar.

Robin—Among the other birds.

E. Skidmore } Hammock, E. Main Street.
B. Stephens }
Cobb—In the crib.

Hynes—In the box (pitcher's).

Worden (Warden)—Jackson prison.

Miss Williams—Bank Stores.

G. May—Trying to get (G)ay.

Miss Bement—At Sun office.

Lee Kennedy—Lawyer. Located at
5th ward. At Bunkerhill every Sun-
day from 8:00 p. m to 12:96 a. m.

Reason—In the mird.

Cooper—Making barrels.

Roster.

Seniors.

GRACE HALL
RUTH MAY
GRACE COOPER
ROB BROWN

ELNATHAN SKIDMORE
NAT HYNES
LEE KENNEDY
CHARLES STOCKING

Juniors.

BESSIE STEPHENS

DORA DANCER

MAY LEE

Sophomores.

JESSIE GAY
GILBERT MAY
ALICE COOPER *
RUTH WORDEN

DAN LANTIS
AGNES BROGAN *
EMMETT BERRY
ARTHUR COBB

ROBERT WASSON

Freshmen.

CLYDE GILDART
SUMNER HALL
UNA REASON
GURNEY DANCER
RAY THOMPSON
LEVI CLARK

CLYDE COOPER
MYRA WILLIAMS
WAYNE HAVILAND
MAUDE WINCHELL
MYRTIE SPRINGMAN
SADIE SPRINGMAN

CHARLIE SPRINGMAN

*Moved away.

Alumni.

1895.

H. Duane Brown
Emerson O. Gildart
Etta Gorton-Bowdish
Becca McKenzie
Olin Stephens

1896.

Myrtie Lord
Irene Nichols

1897.

Hiram E. Harlow*
Claude Haviland
Nelly Miller
Vernal Thompson
Dora Westfall

1898.

Blanch Grimes-May
Claude Powell
Roy Tyler
Sylvia Willmore

1899.

Clair H. Barrett
Garfield Clark
Ethel Gildart
Vernon C. West
Josie Lowe-Hayner

1900.

William J. Wright
Florence Lee
William T. Kennedy
Clara Williams-M'Kinder
Clarence Siegfried
Frank Binding
Edith Skidmore*
D'Burt McKenzie
Vina Berry
Birney E. Brower
Alice Morgan
Hattie Hall
R. Emmett Kennedy

1901.

Eugene P. Berry
Bonnie D. Lowe
Mabel E. Grimes
Ralph S. Gildart
John F. Berry
Eunice E. Skidmore
Irene E. Stilson
Anna B. Springman

1902.

Lucille McCune

*Deceased.

Ball Team.

For the first time in its history, Stockbridge has had an all high school base ball team. Taking all things into consideration its record is very good.

OFFICERS.

ROB BROWN	-	-	-	-	-	Business Manager.
EMMETT BERRY	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.
NAT HYNES	-	-	-	-	-	Captain.

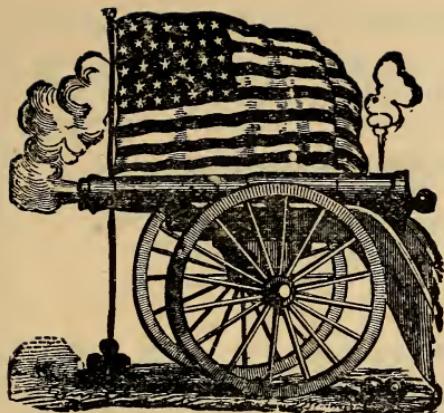
TEAM.

NAT HYNES	-	-	-	-	-	-	Pitcher.
EMMETT BERRY	-	-	-	-	-	-	Catcher.
ELNATHAN SKIDMORE	-	-	-	-	-	-	First Base.
DAN LANTIS	-	-	-	-	-	-	Second Base.
ARTHUR COBB	-	-	-	-	-	-	Third Base.
CHARLES SPRINGMAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	Short Stop.
GILBERT MAY	-	-	-	-	-	-	Left Field.
WAYNE HAVILAND	-	-	-	-	-	-	Center Field.
SUMNER HALL	-	-	-	-	-	-	Right Field.
CLYDE GILDART, ROY CLARK	-	-	-	-	-	-	Substitutes.

The schedule of games to date is as follows:

May 8.	S. H. S. 20; Plainfield(?), 9.
May 16.	S. H. S., 26; Pinckney, 6.
May 23.	At Chelsea. S. H. S., 6; Junior Stars, 14.
May 30.	At Anderson. S. H. S., 14; Pinckney, 8.
May 30.	At Anderson, S. H. S., 10; North Lake, 8. (10 innings.)
June 6.	S. H. S., 2; Junior Stars, 15.

A total of 4 games won, and 2 games lost, giving a percentage of .666.



July
4th...

SHOES FOR

...The Glorious Fourth...

How can you enjoy the Fourth in heavy, uncomfortable shoes ? YOU CAN'T.

We have light weights and easy Summer Shoes for men, women and children—full of style and not expensive.

STREET SHOES, OXFORDS and COLONIAL TIES.

Made from Patent Calf, Patent and Vici Kid, Canvas and Coolie Cloth with a price ranging from \$1.00 to \$3.50. This is the comfortable footwear for summer.

Come, see what we have to show you.

Mills, Bachelor & Co.

The Shoers of the People.

Wise and Otherwise.

(MOSTLY OTHERWISE.)

Professor—If you attempt to squeeze any solid body, it will always resist pressure.

Class smiles and recites examples of exceptions which prove the rule.

Did you ever eat any door jam?

Mr. Searl (absent mindedly) Get a nickel note book. It will probably cost you about five cents.

E. J. S. (In Physics class) There are two kinds of conductors—conductors and non-conductors.

Miss W— (to eighth grade)—Folks usually make their wills before they die, don't they?

Mr. S.—Why do you think magnetism and electricity are not identical.

Nat—Because you can't make an electric light out of a magnet.

The middle classes—the Sophs and Juniors

Exam. question—What is the sinking fund?

Puzzled girl answers—The fund for digging ditches.

Are You Thirsty ?

Drink LIME JUICE and KOLA, a most healthful and refreshing drink.

ICE CREAM and SODA served at all times.

Are you buying your GROCERIES, DRUGS, CROCKERY, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES and WALL PAPER where you can get tickets on that fine Decorated China ?

Ask for Tickets when making purchases.....

W. E. BROWN.

COMMENCEMENT.

It will be the commencement of your good fortune when you make

MILNER BROTHERS' FURNITURE STORE

your headquarters for all goods in their line.

You will always find them ready to serve you with a fresh up-to-date stock of Furniture, Carpets, Mattings, Linoliums, Window Shades, Curtain Poles and Brass Rods in all styles.

Picture Framing a Specialty.

Stockbridge Schools.



Our school is pleasantly and conveniently situated; and the building is properly heated, ventilated and arranged for the comfort of its pupils.

A successful effort has been made to place the Stockbridge school among the best in the state. In recognition of the quality of work being done, the Normal College, Albion and Olivet give full credit for work completed here —our school being on their accepted lists.

We have a good reference library of nearly three hundred volumes to which we are constantly adding, and to which all students have access under the supervision of their teachers.

The character of the town is such that parents sending their children here to be educated may safely feel that they are always surrounded by the best moral influences.

In view of the character of our town, the quality of educational work being done here, and the fact that we are on the accepted lists of various colleges, this is a most desirable place for those to attend school who wish later to enter college or to become teachers.

Parents who contemplate sending their children away to school will do well to place them in our school.

Facts *about the* ***Bank Stores.***

Leading stocks of
School Tablets,
Writing Tablets,
Stationery.

School Books sold at list price.

A specialty made of
Watches, Silverware, Jewelry.

Large assortment of
Fancy Goods, Perfumes, Leather Goods, Copyright Books
16-mo Books, Padded Leather Poets, Medallions, and Pictures.

DRUGS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, CHINA, GLASSWARE

DePuy & Brown,

BANK STORES,

STOCKBRIDGE.

Commencement Program.

Music	Orchestra.
Invocation	Rev. J. H. McCune.
Music	Quartette.
Salutatory	Charles Howard Stocking.
History	Nat Hynes.
Solo, "The Song that the Anvil Sings"	Will T. Kennedy.
Class Poem	Elnathan J. Skidmore.
Oration, "The Mind that Wins"	Grace Louisa Cooper.
Solo	Mrs. Olin Stephens.
Prophecy	Lee Casper Kennedy.
Oration, "Night Brings Out the Stars"	Runa Grace Hall.
Solo, "Life's Lulla-by"	Mina Bement.
Class Will	Rob Coleman Brown.
Valedictory	Ruth E. May.
Music	Orchestra.
Presentation of Diplomas	A. A. Hall.
Music	Quartette.
Benediction	Rev. J. J. Cooper.



Daisie B. Chapell.

Photographer.

Studio open every day, except Sunday.

Stockbridge, Mich.

*If You are Looking. **

For the new and up-to-date MILLINERY GOODS, you will always find them at

MRS. M. M. WESTFALL'S

at Stanley's.

• • •
Groceries.

Fruit, Candies and Fan-

ever shown in Stockbridge.

Of Ladies' Drop Skirts



The Finest Line

Go to Reason & Miller's

Where you can get a large assortment to pick from.

Carriages, Surrays, Road Wagons, Farm Wagons, Gas Engines, Hay Tedders, Binder Twine, Carriage Paint, Land Rollers and a few good second hand Carriages, nearly new, which will be sold cheap.

DAIN HAY-LOADER AND SIDE DELIVERY RAKE,
the greatest pair of tools yet produced for the handling of hay.

We handle four of the leading drills, the Farmers' Favorite, Buckeye, Superior and Empire—No better on the market.

Yours for business,

REASON & MILLER.

Mr. Searl—Well Lee, what do you think about it?
Lee (trying to appear awake)—Yes sir!

W. H. TYLER

Dealer In

LIGHT AND HEAVY

...HARNESS...

Trunks, Whips, Oils, Gloves
and Mittens.

Also Manufacturer of Cigars

Yours for business.

W. H. TYLER,

Stockbridge - Michigan

Something Delicious For Dinner

That all tastes agree upon, that is healthful, nourishing and easily digested are our prime Beef Roasts of tender and juicy beef, cut and trimmed in a nice manner and boned to suit.

Backus & Mapes

Commencement

IS VERY attractive, but does not compare with the bargains we have to offer on



HARDWARE AND FURNITURE : : :

Gasoline Stoves, Screen Doors, and Window Screens. And a House Paint that has proven the best in use.

Respectfully,

W. S. MAY & CO.

Mr. S.—What are sweet potatoes called?

E. Berry (of Irish descent) —Murphies.

Go to Nichols Brothers'



Lumber, Shingles, Mouldings,
Door Sash, Lime, Hair, Cement,
Cement Building Blocks,
And Interior Finish.

CONTRACTORS

AND BUILDERS.

When Looking

.... FOR SEASONABLE MERCHANDISE

Do not forget that we are showing the largest assortment of new and up-to-date goods in this vicinity. We aim to keep our stock fresh and bright in all departments, and to keep pace with the times and all the new things as they come out from season to season.

AND RE- We defy competition to match our **MEMBER** prices, for we buy and sell for cash—the only proper way to do business.

We make prices on goods that are a big inducement for people to trade with us and pay cash. We know this is true from the large amount of customers that visit our store regularly that always pay cash. It is impossible to give the cash customer his just dues and do a credit business.

Yours for cash bargains,

A. E. Fletcher Co.

MANN & STEPHENS

Carry a Full Line of
Builders' Hardware, Stoves, Ranges and
Agricultural Implements.

We have the finest line of Paints in the city.

Before purchasing fencing, call and see the

ELLWOOD

Best all purpose fence on the markets. Prices right.

Nat—How do you bisect a spherical triangle?

Rob B—n—Draw a line through the middle of it.

*"With all thy getting
get understanding."*



One of the important things to understand is the proper use of money.

A sum of money placed at interest, even at a low rate, will soon double.

The Commercial Bank
Of Geo. P. Glazier & Gay

transact a general banking business, pay interest on time deposits, and provide the best known security to depositors. : : : : :

Respectfully yours,
Geo. P. Glazier & Gay.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED

of anything in the line of

CUT FLOWERS,
FUNERAL DESIGNS,
WEDDING BOQUETS,
POT PLANTS, OR
VEGETABLE PLANTS
OF ALL KINDS

Call at the
STOCKBRIDGE GREEN HOUSE

C. A. SKIDMORE,
PROPRIETOR.

Soda Water Time. Soda Water Place.

The lovers of really good soda water find ours touching the spot for them. We aim at quality, which is why we hit their appreciation.

Ice Cream

You will want ice cream often, especially if it is a long, warm summer. It is a great treat on a hot day. Made from pure materials. pulatable and wholesome.

Try our choice Candies, Bananas, Oranges, etc.

Mills, Bachelor & Company

Miss W.—Who was Champlain?

L. M-y—Founder of Lake Champlain.

IT'S ALL IN THE CUT.

Do you want to wear ready-made clothes cut with an axe and sewed up in a filthy sweat-shop?

Do you want to go to a "tailoring agent" and have him send a lock of your hair and the color of your birth-mark off somewhere—you don't know where—and take what you get—like the grab-bag game at the church fair?

Or do you want a new spring suit of clothes made expressly for yourself?

Your measures taken correctly, your garments cut in the very latest style, and well made from first to last—made right here at home, where you can have them tried on before they are finished, so that you know that they are going to fit you and please you? If you want this kind of tailoring come to me.

I guarantee you much better satisfaction than you can get in ready made clothes—or in the tailor's agent guess-work stuff—and my prices are not high, either.

Come in and see my spring and summer suitings I have a stock of over four hundred styles, some very hand-some patterns, and you will be surprised when you learn just how low my prices really are.

G. Sommers, The Tailor.

LIVERY AND FEED BARN

First Class Turnouts at

•Living Prices•

Buggies Newly Painted.

Harnesses Cleaned Up.

Everything Neat And Clean.

Horses Bought and Sold on
Commission.

Horses Exchanged.

HENRY SELLERS,

Stockbridge Mich.

In Memoriam.

The O. B. D. S.

Not long did it exist;
It succumbed to its fate.
Without a girl on the list,
We couldn't have a debate.

Always in the Market

For your Junk, such as
HIDES, PELTS, FURS,
SCRAP IRON, BONES,
ROPE, RUBBER, RAGS,
AND METALS.

Cash always and as
much as you can get any-
where. First door north
of hotel.

C. J. NOTT,
The Sheeney.

“The Echo”

was printed at

THE SUN OFFICE,

The place where Good Printing is
done.

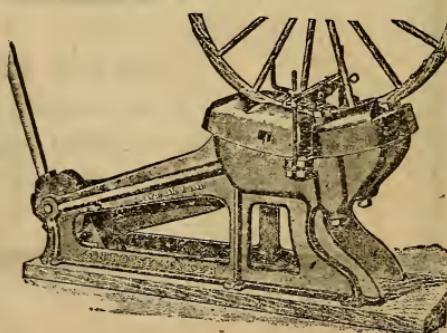
Miss Bement—What is liquid measure?

Small boy—It's what you measure running things with.

WHERE?

At

Dickinson's Shop.



WHAT IS IT?

This cut represents a COLD TIRE SETTER,
which has just been installed in my shop.

E. D. DICKINSON.



Did you ever see Dora Dancer jig, or Grace Cooper chickens, or Elnathan Skidmore logs than Lee Ken-nedy or Grace Hall? Isn't Jessie Gay, although Ruth May be? Will Emmett Berry the O. B. D. S? Una Reason why.



The Stockbridge Elevator Co.

Will pay the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE
for all kinds of

FARM PRODUCE

We keep a complete stock of Feed of all kinds,
Flour, Lime, Cement,

Ladders, Salt, Coal, Etc.

Kindly Call on us when you wish to sell or
purchase anything in our line.

Pay Attention Every- body !!



This store always has the right thing at the right time and at the right price.

If any man or woman in this burg has a notion to possess themselves of a sumptuous new outfit and lacks not the necessary coin to clinch the trade with, *let them* forthwith *apply* here and walk away perfectly satisfied with their purchase.

HOLMES & DANCER



**3/23/2009
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HF GROUP-IN

